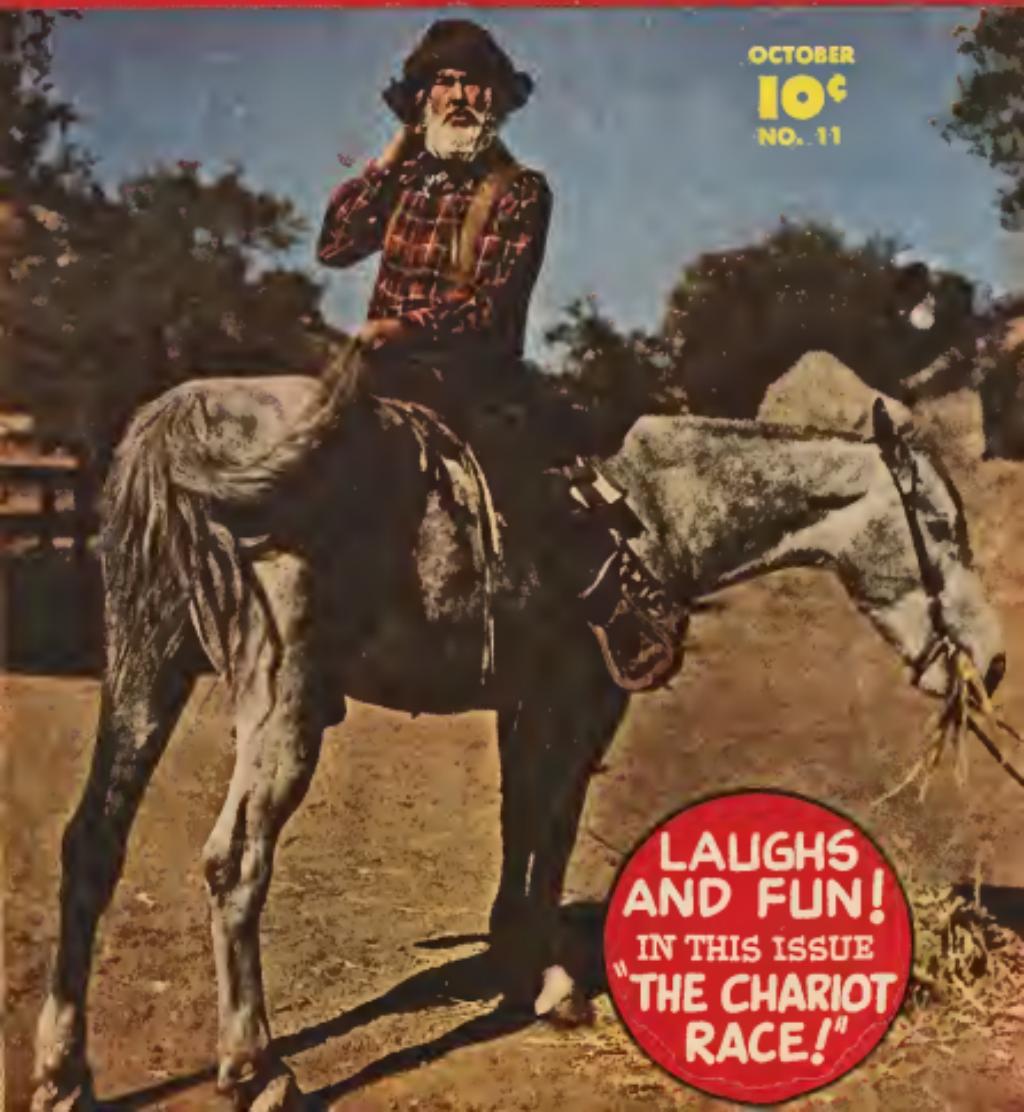


A Fawcett Publication

# Gabby Hayes<sup>©</sup>

## Western

OCTOBER  
10¢  
NO. 11



LAUGHS  
AND FUN!  
IN THIS ISSUE  
“THE CHARIOT  
RACE!”



HOWDY, CHIEF! YORE JEST THE MAN I WANT TUH SEE! I'LL BET YUH A STIFF KICK IN THE PANTS YUH CAINT ASK ME A QUESTION I CAINT ANSWER!



CIVON! IF YORE SO SMART, YUH SHOULD BE ABLE TO DO IT! BUT I DON'T ORNE YORE SO SMART!

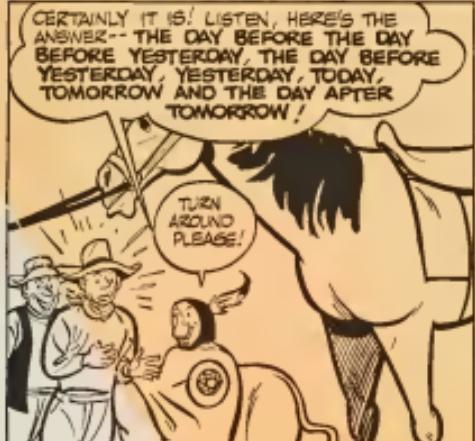


STARTIN WITH ANY DAY OF THE WEEK, CAN YOU NAME SIX STRAIGHT DAYS WITHOUT NAMING WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY OR FRIDAY?

HUH? ER, ER, THAT'S NOT A FAIR QUESTION! THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE!



CERTAINLY IT IS! LISTEN, HERE'S THE ANSWER-- THE DAY BEFORE THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY, THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY, YESTERDAY, TODAY, TOMORROW AND THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW!



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN • Executive Editor WILL LIBBISON • Editor M. BROWN

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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President



# GABBY HAYES

and  
*Delilah*

Aunt Hester is working busily in the kitchen of the Bar Nothing Ranch at her labor of love, preparing a tasty meal for the ranch's Foreman, Gabby Hayes, when...  
...suddenly... A MASKED GUNMAN INTRUDES!



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## GABBY HAYES WESTERN



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN

PRESIDENTLY GABBY AWAKENS,  
WITH THE NEW LOOK!

AH! NOW  
I FEEL  
RESTED!

HE'S BARELY AWAKE WHEN THE  
MIRROR GIVES HIM A SURPRISE!

WHA... !!!!

DROP THAT  
GUN, YEH UGLY  
SIDEWINDER!

HONKIN COYOTES!  
THAT UGLY SIDEWINDER,  
(CULP) IS ME! SOME-  
ONE CUT MUH BEARD!

I WARNED  
YEH NOT TO  
PULL A GUN!

KRACK!  
BLAM!

?

HANG THAT HESTER!  
SHE MUST'VE DONE  
THIS. REGULAR  
DEJULAH. MAKES  
ME FEEL NAKKID!

GOT TO BUY THEM  
HOSSSES, BUT CAN'T  
LET NOBODY SEE ME  
SHORN THIS-A-WAY!  
I'LL MAKE A FALSE  
BEARD OUT OF THIS  
SOFA STUFFING LIKE  
THEM ACTOR FELLERS  
DO!



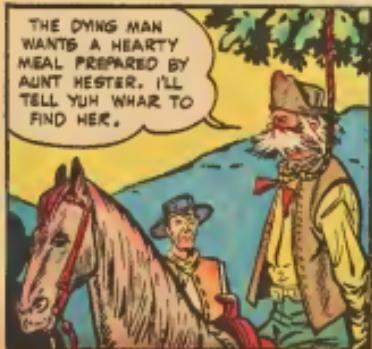
## GABBY HAYES WESTERN



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN

EVENTUALLY JOE RETURNS WITH AUNT HEISTER.

THE FELLA CLAIMS TO BE GABBY HAYES. BUT WE FIGGER HE'S A FAKE.

I'LL KNOW IF IT'S GABBY.

WHY, NO, THAT CAN'T BE GABBY! THAT FELLER HAS GOT WHISKERS! I WOULDN'T COOK HIM A MEAL.

THAT DOES IT. THAR'S BIN ENUF STALLING. NOW YUH DANCE ON AIR, MR. HOSS THIEF.





BLAKE, YUH AND YORE BOYS ARE UNDER ARREST FOR ATTEMPTED LYNNCHING WITHOUT DUE PROCESS OF LAW.

BUT HE'S...  
...HE'S A COUNTERFEITER!



## QUIZ...

LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN ANSWER THEM ALL... SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS: 5 CORRECT- EXCELLENT... 4 CORRECT- VERY GOOD... 3 CORRECT-GOOD... 2 CORRECT-FAIR... 1 CORRECT- POOR. GO TO IT!



**1** EMERALDS COME FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

True  False



**4** THE GREENBACKS WERE ONCE A POLITICAL PARTY IN THE U.S.

True  False

**2** TRAINS ARE AMERICA'S FAVORITE MEANS OF TRAVEL.

True  False



**5** A SHARK'S SKIN IS USED FOR POLISHING WOOD.

True  
 False



**3** THE AVERAGE HEIGHT OF A MAN IN THE U.S. IS 5 FEET 8 INCHES.

True  False



ANSWERS: 1- FALSE, THEY COME FROM ALABAMA; 2- TRUE; 3- TRUE; 4- TRUE; 5- TRUE

# GABBY HAYES

GREAT SKY CHIEF  
SEND ORDER: "BURN  
GABBY HAYES  
AT STAKE!"

CONSARN YUH,  
PHANTOM! EVERYBODY  
KNOWS I HATE A  
WELL DONE STAKE!

GABBY HAYES  
FREQUENTLY  
BOASTS TO AUNT  
HESTER OF HIS  
HORSEMANSHIP, HIS  
MARKSMANSHIP, HIS  
FEARLESS HANDLING OF  
OUTLAWS. AND, OFTEN AS  
NOT, HE'S BEEN AS GOOD  
AS HIS BOAST. BUT WHAT  
CAN HE, A MERE MORTAL, DO  
WHEN HE COMES FACE TO  
FACE WITH...

THE FLAMING  
PHANTOM HORSEMAN

ATOP SUICIDE CLIFF, WE FIND GABBY HAYES IS A CONTESTANT IN THE TRICK RIDING CONTEST!

SUICIDE CLIFF'S  
TRICK RIDING CONTEST

BY CRACKY, I'LL  
SHOW 'EM, HESTER,  
WHAT GOOD  
RIDING IS!

NOW,  
GABBY,  
DO BE  
CAREFUL!

ONE OF THE CONTESTANTS IS A STRANGER, WITH STRANGE REFLECTIONS.

PLENTY OF INDIANS HERE TODAY! MY PLAN SHOULD WORK OUT WELL!



GABBY IS READY TO PERFORM A TOUGH TRICK--JUMPING THROUGH A FLAMING LOOP!

BY CRACKY CORKER, JUMPING THROUGH THAT FLAMING HOOP IS A TRICK FOR A FELLER STILL IN HIS DIAPERS!



AUNT HESTER DOESN'T LIKE THIS STUNT!

THE OLD FOOL! HE'LL BURN HIMSELF UP! BUT NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!



COME ON, CORKER OLE BOY! LET'S GIT THIS DONE WITH, SO'S WE KIN GIT DOWN TO SOME REAL TRICKS!



JUMP, CORKER! DON'T SKID -- HEY!



SEEMS MIGHTY LIKE CORKER DOESN'T TAKE TO THE FIRE!

I'M ON FIRE!

DON'T WORRY, GABBY! I'LL SAVE YOU! I WAS READY JUST IN CASE SOMETHING LIKE THIS HAPPENED!



HA, HA! LOOKIT GABBY'S NEW BONNET! HE SHORE LOOKS PARTY!

WHY NOT? HIS FACE IS COVERED UP! HA, HA!



A LITTLE LATER--

COME ON, RED FOX.  
I WANT TO CAMP  
OUT WITH YORE  
TRIBE AWHILE.  
I'M A LAUGHING  
STOCK 'ROUND  
HYAR!

SURE,  
BUT FIRST,  
WATCH  
STRANGER  
JUMP THROUGH  
RED DEVIL  
FIRE!

HEH, HEH!  
THIS IS ONLY  
THE BEGINNING  
OF MY  
PLAN!



WHOOPEE!  
SOME RIDER!

WHO  
IS HE?

DUNNO,  
HE'S A  
STRANGER!



RED  
DEVIL  
FIRE  
BURN  
STRANGER!

COME ON!  
MEBBE WE  
KIN SAVE  
HIM! WHAR  
IN Tarnation  
IS HESTER  
WITH HER  
BUCKET OF  
WATER?

YEEOWW!



POOR DEVIL!  
HIS HOSS GOT  
FRIGHTENED!  
HE'S A  
GONER!

HIM LEAP OFF  
SUICIDE CLIFF!  
NO CAN LIVE  
AFTER FALL!



BUT FAR BELOW, IN THE SWIRLING WATERS AT THE BOTTOM OF SUICIDE CLIFF --

WE FOOLLED THEM, BOY! THEY THINK WE'RE DEAD! THEY DON'T KNOW WE'VE DONE TRICKS LIKE THIS BEFORE!

HEH, HEH! NOW IT'LL BE EASY TO FOOL THOSE SUPERSTITIOUS REDSKINS!

NIGHT... AND GABBY'S CAMPING OUT WITH HIS INDIAN FRIENDS.

ME NO LIKE PALE-FACE IN CAMP. WHY YOU BRING HIM, RED FOX?

SIT DOWN, SKUNK TAIL. GABBY RED-SKINS' FRIEND.

SUDDENLY, THE BLACK NIGHT IS PIERCED BY BLINDING, SEARING FLAMES!

BOOY!  
FLAMING PHANTOM!

MUST BE MESSANGER FROM SKY CHIEF!

IT IS PALE-FACE WHO WENT TO HAPPY HUNTING GROUND OVER SUICIDE CLIFF!

COME BACK, YUH FAKER!

I'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF THAT OLD GOAT, OR HE MAY CAUSE ME TROUBLE!

SKY CHIEF DISPLEASED THAT PALEFACE IS AMONG YOU. HE SAY-- GET RID OF HIM!

# GABBY HAYES WESTERN

THEN SKY CHIEF SAY:  
"RAID WHITE MEN. KILL  
THEM. TAKE THEIR GOLD."  
BRING EVERYTHING  
TO ME, AND I  
WILL DELIVER IT  
TO SKY CHIEF AS  
SACRIFICE.

HEY,  
LEGOO!

WE BURN  
HIM AT STAKE.  
PLEASE SKY  
CHIEF!

NO! NO  
HARM FRIEND  
GABBY!

SKUNK TAIL  
NEVER LIKE  
RED FOX! NOW  
TAKE CHANCE  
TO HIT HIM!



GABBY IS TIED TO A BURNING STAKE!

I'M A GONER UNLESS CORKER  
KIN HELP! TWEET!

NEIGH!

HURRY,  
CORKER, CHEW  
THEM ROPES!

THE INJUNS ARE SO INTERESTED IN  
THEIR WAR DANCE, THEY DIDN'T  
SEE ME YET!



YOW! I FEEL  
LIKE A CHICKEN  
ON A SPIT!

LOOK! ANOTHER  
FLAMING  
PHANTOM!

SKY  
CHIEF  
SEND  
SECOND  
MESSENGER!



RED MEN! LISTEN! SKY  
CHIEF SAY OTHER PHANTOM  
A FAKE! DO NOT RAID  
WHITE MEN! THEY'RE  
YORE FRIENDS!

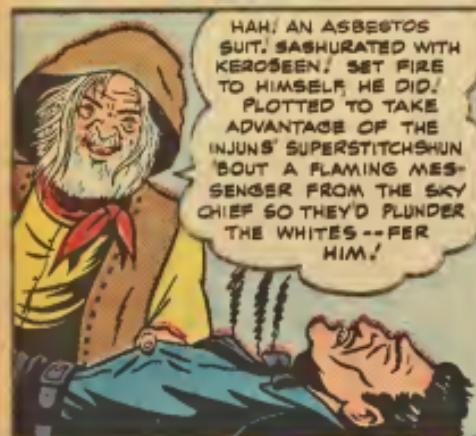
I CAN'T LET  
HIM GET  
AWAY WITH  
THAT! WISH I  
HAD MY GUNS!  
BUT I DIDN'T  
DARE TAKE THE  
CHANCE OF  
CARRYING BULLETS  
ON ME WITH  
THIS FLAMING  
SUIT ON!







MEANWHILE, RED FOX, WHO HAS REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, RACES TO THE RESCUE!



LATER, AT THE RANCH, GABBY IS BOMBARDED WITH QUESTIONS.



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# YOUNG FALCON

YOUNG FALCON, ONLY SON OF THE CHIEF OF A MASSACRED TRIBE, HAS BECOME A LONE HUNTER OF THE WOODS AND HIS DEEPSE HAVE ECHOED FAR OVER THE LAND. AT THE FRINCE OF THE CAMP OF A FRIENDLY TRIBE, WHOM HE VISITS OFTEN, HIS KREN EYES DETECT TRACKS THAT IMPLY CERTAIN THINGS!

MANY MEN HAVE PASSED THIS WAY NOT LONG AGO, HEADING FOR THE CAMP OF MY FRIENDS, THE SUSHAWNOS.

**SWEET JUSTICE!**



ONLY THE STEALTHY ATTACKER WALKS IN THAT MANNER! I DO NOT LIKE THE LOOK OF THIS. IT'S BEST I PROCEED WITH CAUTION!



A YOUNG FALCON REACHES THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CAMP...

A SENTRY! BUT HE IS NOT ONE OF THE SUSHAWNOS. MY SUSPICIONS WERE CORRECT... A BAND OF MARAUDERS HAS TAKEN THE CAMP OF MY FRIENDS!



UNSEEN, YOUNG FALCON CREEPS IN CLOSER FOR A BETTER VIEW!



THEY ARE PILING LOOT IN THE CENTER OF CAMP TO TAKE WITH THEM. I SEE NO BRAVES OF THE SUSHAWNOS TRIBE! THE CHIEF AND THE BRAVES MUST BE AWAY ON A HUNTING TRIP. THAT'S WHY THESE MARAUDERS COULD CONQUER. ONLY THE SQUAWS AND SOME OLDSTERS WERE HERE TO GIVE BATTLE.



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN

INTO THE COUNCIL  
TEPEE ---  
ALL OF  
YOU!

SEE THAT A GUARD  
IS PUT HERE FOR  
THE NIGHT. AT SUNRISE  
TOMORROW WE LEAVE  
AND TAKE ALL THE  
WOMEN AND CHILDREN AS  
HOSTAGES IN CASE THE  
SUSHAWNO'S TRACK US  
DOWN!

SO THAT IS THEIR  
PLAN. I KNOW  
NOT WHERE THE  
SUSHAWNO BRAVES  
HAVE GONE HUNTING.  
I CANNOT GO FOR  
THEIR AID. IT IS  
UP TO ME TO STOP  
THESE MARAUDERS  
... ALONE!

I KNOW NOT HOW I'LL  
STOP THEM, BUT IN ANY  
CASE THE FIRST THING IS  
TO TAKE CARE OF THIS  
SENTRY OR THEIRS.



BUT AS  
YOUNG  
FALCON  
TIRES  
THE  
SENTRY  
TO THE  
TREE,  
HIS  
HAND  
TOUCHES  
SOMETHING  
WET  
AND  
STICKY!

SAP--- THE SAP  
OF THE MAPLE  
TREE!



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN

THIS GIVES ME AN IDEA! THE MAPLE SAP AS IT COMES FROM THE TREE IS VERY STICKY!



I'LL BRING HIM INSIDE TO THE SQUAWS. THEY WILL HEM UP SECURELY.



AS SILENTLY AS HE APPEARS, YOUNG FALCON LEAVES. BUT DAWN FINDS HIM BESIDE THE BIG WAR DRUMS OF THE CAMP!

WHEN NIGHT COVERS THE CAMP AND THE MARAUDERS SLEEP IN THE TEPEES ---

THERE'S THE BIG COUNCIL TEPEE WHERE THEY'VE HERDED THE SQUAWS. I MUST TAKE CARE OF THE GUARD QUICKLY AND SILENTLY!



IT IS YOUNG FALCON!

SHHHH! MAKE NO NOISE! TIE AND GAG THIS CUR UP AND KEEP HIM HERE. BUT FIRST, GIVE ME ALL THE HIDE BAGS YOU HAVE WHICH YOU USE TO CATCH THE SAP OF THE MAPLE TREES!



ONE MISSTEP ON MY PART AND MY PLAN WILL FAIL!

**BLAM!**

UH!



HERE-- THIS IS ALL WE HAVE.

IT'S ENOUGH. STAY HERE QUIETLY, TILL DAWN. THEN, WHEN YOU HEAR A LOUD COMMOTION OUTSIDE, COME OUT WITH YOUR COOKING IMPLEMENTS AS WEAPONS. YOU WILL KNOW WHAT TO DO!



WHAT FOOL BEATS THE DRUMS? KILL HIM!



BUT AS THEY RUSH HEADLONG FROM THEIR TEPEES, THE MARAUDERS STEP INTO A HIDE BUG PLACED BEFORE EACH TEPEE!

GET THAT FOOL---  
UUUUFH!



STOP TRYING, FOOLS! I HAVE FILLED THOSE BAGS WITH MAPLE SAP. YOU WILL NOT BECOME UNSTUCK THIS DAY!



THE SQUADS TAKE THEIR CUE AND RUSH FORTH TO ENTER THE BATTLE!



I'LL WAGER YOU DIDN'T KNOW THE SAP OF THE MAPLE TREE HAD SO MANY DIFFERENT USES!

UGH!!



AND SOON--

WELL, IT APPEARS THAT THIS BATTLE IS DONE WITH AND VICTORY IS OURS!

THANKS TO YOU, YOUNG FALCON! WE WILL BIND EACH OF THESE VILLAINS SECURELY UNTIL OUR CHIEF AND BRAVES RETURN!

WHEN THE SUSHAWNO CHIEF RETURNS, THE HAPPENINGS ARE DETAILED TO HIM!

... AND ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT, YOUNG FALCON FILLED THE BAGS WITH THE SAP OF THE MAPLE TREE! HIS RUSE SAVED US ALL!

A GREAT DEED HAS BEEN PERFORMED BY ONE SO YOUNG! NEVER, YOUNG FALCON, SHALL WE FORGET!



I WILL TURN THE WORTHLESS ONES OVER TO THE FALEFACE SHERIFF IN TOWN! HE WILL PUT THEM IN IRONS WHERE THEY BELONG. AND HE, TOO, SHALL HEAR OF YOUR GREAT DEED, YOUNG FALCON!

THANK YOU, GREAT CHIEF! I AM ONLY HAPPY THAT I SUCCEEDED!





# DESERT SHOWDOWN



A BUCK DESMOND Story

By Dick Kraus

**T**HIE ARIZONA desert lay, white and shimmering, for many miles ahead. Buck Desmond pulled down the brim of his worn gray Stetson to shield his eyes from the merciless glare of the sun.

Lanky and relaxed in the saddle, the rambling cowhand kneed his big bay horse forward in a steady, ground-covering gait. It was several hours since Buck had ridden out of the town of Carstairs. He had been traveling steadily for several hours and still Buck's first planned stop, the Navajo Springs water hole, lay more than a mile away.

As he rode, Buck's squinted eyes kept exploring the desert ahead. It was flat, broken in silhouette only by clumps of sagebrush and mesquite.

"Those bushes aren't big enough to hide a man," Buck mused. "Which is a lucky break for me!"

Ever since leaving Carstairs, Buck had been on the lookout for trouble. And with good reason! For, while in the little Arizona town, Buck had met an old prospector friend of his—grizzled Doc Benton. Doc had always been a mine prospector, searching for gold and silver deposits. So it was with surprise that Buck saw him draw a leather bag from under his shirt as they sat eating lunch in the Carstairs Cafe.

"That's not much of a bag," Buck said. "You haven't got gold samples in there, have you, Doc?"

The old prospector grinned slyly.

"Gold? Wouldn't touch the stuff! Take a look at this!" His gnarled old fingers swiftly undid the bag's opening. "Look! Look in that and tell me if you ever saw anything like it before!"

Before Buck's amazed eyes glittered a mass of sparkling jewels of every color and size. A few of them rolled out onto the table top. Swiftly Doc Benton put them back into the leather bag. But now his face grew worried, for two men were standing against the front window of the cafe. They had been looking in and they had seen the jewels run out on the table top.

"Buck," stammered old Doc. "Out thar . . . through the window. Clip Thompson saw the jewels! He got a good look at them, and he knows I've got a leather bag full. He's going to make a play for them, sure's shooting!"

Buck frowned.

Clip Thompson was a mean hombre. Hijacking the treasure of an old prospector was just up his line.

"Doc!" Buck asked. "What were you planning to do with the jewels?"

"Sell 'em!" said the old prospector. "I was planning to ride to Barstow whar I can git a fair price for 'em!"

Buck grinned. "Fine! Then do it! But first . . ." he leaned forward over the table, and his sinewy brown hand gathered up several salt and pepper shakers, ". . . first, let's take out a little insurance."

**T**HIS HAD ALL happened in the early afternoon. When they got up from the table, Buck had taken the leather bag, still weighted heavy, and jingling with its contents, and attached it to his belt. When he walked out down the rutted main street, he knew that Clip Thompson's eyes were on him. And, from the corner of his eye, he saw Thompson make a furtive gesture to a hulking man who stood beside a hitching post.

"They're planning to follow me out of town," Buck realized. "Which suits me fine!"

So, through the afternoon, he rode across the Arizona desert. Now, as he approached the Navajo Springs water holes, with thirst boring insistently at his throat, Buck began to wonder.

"What does that side-winder Thompson plan to do? He saw me take the jewel bag, and he knows I rode out of town with it! He's after me! I know that. But how does he plan to get the jewels?"

Cautiously, Buck approached the water well. There was slight depression around it—not enough to hide a man. The rambling cowboy rode right up to the water hole and dismounted. He was about to let his horse drink sparingly when he saw a gray form lying on the other side of the hole. Still holding the horse's

## GABBY HAYES WESTERN

rein, Buck went over to it and turned it over with the toe of his boot.

It was a dead coyote, eyes bulging, lips drawn back over yellow teeth.

Buck felt the animal. It was still warm. It had died but a little while before. But there was not a mark on it. Evidently it had died just after drinking from the water hole. Buck's brow creased. "Just after drinking—" he turned to the water hole. Its surface was a strange hue. He dipped a finger in it, and sniffed.

"Vitriol!" he exclaimed. "Blue vitriol! So that's it! Clip Thompson raced ahead of me and poisoned the well, figuring I'd drink it without thinking and let him come in and get the jewels without gunplay. He's probably somewhere off on the dessert, watching right now."

He stood there a moment, sun-tanned face lost in indecision.

"If I hadn't seen that coyote and realized the well was poisoned, he'd be closing in on me right now!"

**SLOWLY,** BUCK'S face wrinkled into a smile. First, he tied the bay horse to a boulder that lay several yards from the well. Then, approaching the well again, he knelt over it. He appeared to drink for several moments. He rose then, and taking the canteen from his waist, filled it.

Then, slowly mounting the horse, he began to ride away from the water hole.

But he had not gone more than fifty feet when he suddenly reined the bay in. Wavering in the saddle, he plunged off it, falling with his face in the sand. The heavy, bulging leather bag lay at his side, exposed to the brilliant sunlight. Surprised, the bay horse stood there, waiting.

He did not have long to wait.

His ears pricked up as, coming across a slight rise in the desert, he saw two other horses. Their riders were urging them forward eagerly, laughing in triumph!

"Clip, pizening the water hole shore was a brainstorm. I'll bet Desmond never knew what hit him. And he thought he could fool us by riding away with the old prospector's jewel bag! Let's grab the bag and get moving!"

Clip Thompson laughed harshly and reined his horse in hard.

He jumped to the sand and took a quick

look at Buck Desmond, face down in the desert. "Dead as a petrified lizard," he grunted. "Now to take a look at the purty stones!" He grabbed the leather bag, wrenched it loose from Buck's belt.

As Clip opened the sack, the other gunman craned his neck to see into it.

It was in that moment that Buck Desmond struck. Acting with the speed of a striking rattler, he tensed his body and shot one long-booted leg up in the air. His boot hit the leather bag and sent its contents exploding into the air! There was a sudden cloud, and Clip Thompson and his accomplice reeled back, choking and gasping for air.

"Wh—— what the! I——I can't breath!"

Buck Desmond lunged forward, fists flailing savagely.

His rock-hard fists smashed into Thompson's middle, to the point of his jaw, and sent him hurtling back to the sand, dazed. Without pausing, Buck turned to the other man, who had just drawn his six-gun. "None of that!" grunted Buck, lashing a powerful overhand punch to the man's chest that sent him reeling away. A final uppercut dropped him beside Thompson, helpless.

Buck Desmond dusted his hands and thrust the dropped Colt into his belt.

Grinning, he picked up the leather bag and opened it. gingerly, he turned it upside down and out spilled several salt and pepper shakers.

He looked down at the crestfallen hijackers and smiled. "Sure," he said. "We knew that, if I took the leather bag, you'd follow me out of town. So, while my back was to the window, in the cafe, we transferred the jewels to inside Doc Benton's shirt. And, to keep the bag full and making the right kind of noise, I shoved a batch of salt and pepper cellars into it."

**B**UCK grinned down at the furious outlaw.

"I didn't think about it at the time, but it was a mighty handy gadget to help round up you critters . . . after pretending I'd been poisoned by the water hole. And now, if you're ready to ride back to town . . . let's go!"

THE END

*Thrill to BUCK DESMOND'S adventures in every issue of GABBY HAYES WESTERN!*

# GABBY HAYES

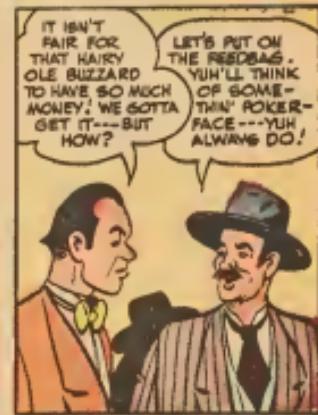
in RAMPAGE ON THE RIVER!



Gabby takes a paddling from a paddlewheeler, and a mauling from a murderer, but when he gets loose there's a "RAMPAGE ON THE RIVER"!!

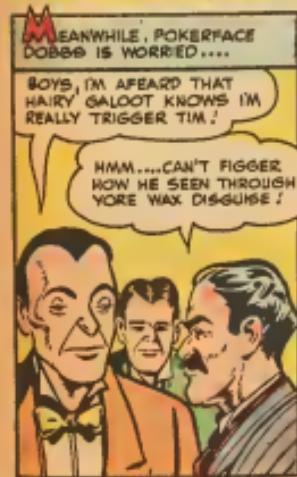


# GABBY HAYES WESTERN





# GABBY HAYES WESTERN



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN

CAPTAIN SHELLBACK HAS GABBY RELEASED.

I'M FED UP WITH  
YOUR GHENANISANS!  
WHAT IN Tarnation  
ARE YE UP TO? SPEAK  
UP, MAN!

COUGH!  
COUGH!

THIS WILL  
CLEAR HIS  
LUNGS, SIR!

UGH!



YE BLATHERING  
NINCOMPOOP! FOR  
TWO PINS I'D MAKE  
YE WALK THE PLANK!

HOGNASH!

IT'S SHORE  
EASY TO GET  
GABBY'S GOAT,  
BUT WHAT I  
WANT IS HIS  
MONEY!

BY GOLLY! I GOT A  
GREAT IDEA! WITH THE  
CAPTAIN'S HELP, I CAN  
GET THAT MONEY---  
LEGAL LIKE, TOO!



WHEN GABBY IS ALONE, POKERFACE TAKES THE FIRST STEPS OF HIS SCHEME....

YEH LOW-DOWN THIEVING BUZZARD! I'M GONNA BREAK YORE---

WAIT, GABBY!  
I HAVE A  
CONFESSTION  
TO MAKE!

I REALLY AM  
TRIGGER TIM, THE  
KILLER, WANTED IN  
FIVE STATES!

YEH ADMIT IT?



YEH, YEH!  
THE ONLY ONE  
SMART ENOUGH  
TO RECOGNIZE  
ME!

HEE, HEE!  
JUST LIKE I  
SAID! WAIT  
TILL THE FOOL  
CAPTAIN HEARS  
THIS!



## GABBY HAYES WESTERN



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN



## GABBY HAYES WESTERN





# TIGHTWAD TAD

"INGROWN"



## RUBBERNOSE RANDOLPH NO OFFENSE

GOSH, WHEN I TOLD CHARLEY JENKINS I'D TAKE HIS PLACE AS EDITOR FOR A WEEK, I NEVER KNEW THERE WERE SO MANY RESPONSIBILITIES!



HERE'S THE STORY ON THAT NEW POLITICAL ORGANIZATION, CHIEF!



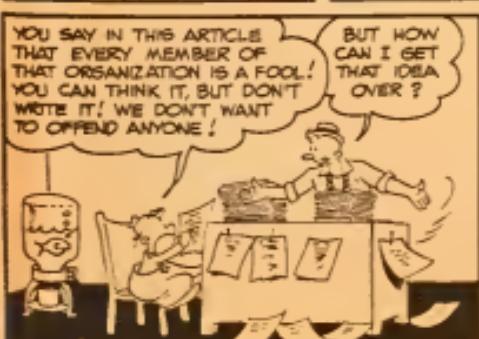
LET ME READ IT!

MAMM.... NO, NO! THIS WILL NEVER DO!

WHY NOT? WHAT'S WRONG?

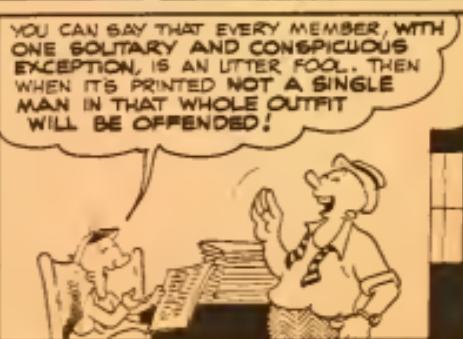


YOU SAY IN THIS ARTICLE THAT EVERY MEMBER OF THAT ORGANIZATION IS A FOOL! YOU CAN THINK IT, BUT DON'T WRITE IT! WE DON'T WANT TO OFFEND ANYONE!



BUT HOW CAN I GET THAT IDEA OVER?

YOU CAN SAY THAT EVERY MEMBER, WITH ONE SOLITARY AND CONSPICUOUS EXCEPTION, IS AN UTTER FOOL. THEN WHEN IT'S PRINTED NOT A SINGLE MAN IN THAT WHOLE OUTFIT WILL BE OFFENDED!



DANG IT!  
WHY DID I LET  
THAT PESKY SALESMAN  
SELL ME THIS COONSKIN  
CAP? NOW I CAN'T TELL  
WHAR MUH BEARD  
ENDS AND MUH  
HAT BEGINS!

ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACK

# THE TEEN TITANS

titansfan scan  
d miles edit



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